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MINOR ASPECTS OF FRENCH LIFE.

WERE any company of educated individuals required to enumerate those emotions of their past lives which, unlike the shadowy and fleeting character of usual feelings, have fixed themselves in their memory, most of them would unhesitatingly give a place in the list to their first day's sensations in a foreign land. There are scenes and moments in the history of every man which are photographed ineffaceably on the mind. It forms part of the interest of one of Schiller's finest poems, that the time when the sea is just seen by a thoughtful youth is one never to be forgotten. Add to that the hour when he was left by an affectionate and anxious father on the scene, and among strangers, where he had the great battle of life to fight; add the period when, after years of toil, he could write his name as one with which the world had become familiar as the representative of successful industry and untarnished honour; add for you also, madam, the moment when, in secrecy and trembling lest the very midnight might betray you, you ventured to try how the matron name you now bear would look in writing, long ere the plighted vow that gave you a legal claim to it had been spoken—and you find in these, recollections that stand alone and for ever in the memory, like that of the first moment under the concave of St Peter's, when you wonder that aught so vast and solemnising should have been reared by mortal hands; or of the first view of the mighty Alps, when you have to struggle for a while against the notion that their snowy pinnacles, so far remote from earth, are mere fantastic clouds. So is it with the first few hours on a foreign shore: all is strange, as if a new world had been opened; and he who has not yet realised the emotion, has that still in prospect which Nero is said to have offered half his capital to discover—a new pleasure.

As this incommunicable and delightful sensation of novelty subsides at length, another feeling almost invariably takes possession of the inquiring tourist—one of surprise that, from all the books he has been perusing, he has learned so little of that which on every side he finds most deeply to interest him. With the external aspects of the scenes they have made him familiar. In any principal city, he can recognise by name, perhaps, the more striking monuments that appear in view; the squares, statues, palaces, churches to which he is conducted, he seems to have known from his childhood; and so little has he to learn from the voluble and consequential *cicerone* that accompanies his party from the hotel, that the three Misses Smith, who form part of it, are confident 'Mr Thomson must have been there before.' He, poor man, is in no

frame to accept the compliment; he is inwardly execrating those stupid authors who have written as if columns and palaces, pictures and statues, made a city, and not rather the busy and moving tide of human life and feeling that flows around him. From every quarter of the globe has the complaint arisen, that for all that most forcibly strikes a stranger, the writers of travels, whether they speak of Italy or of India, whether they describe Broadway in New York or the Street of Grief in Jerusalem, have not in the smallest degree prepared him. There is an obvious reason for the fact. First impressions, though by far the most vivid and instructive, not one in a thousand has seen the importance of preserving. Imagining that time would furnish something more worthy of his note-book than a first glance could afford, each traveller has allowed the impressions of wonder it conveyed to him to become familiar; has permitted the subtle essence of novelty, which gave its highest zest to the scene, to escape; and when proceeding to description, has left his readers ignorant, in consequence, of all he himself had at first felt most deeply interesting; as though he should condemn them to cool their thirst in the dog-days with an exhausted orange, or to smell, in a crowded room, a nosegay from which the bloom and the fragrance had fled for ever. That *second thoughts* are best, is a good maxim in the affairs of life; but that *first impressions* are most valuable, should be equally a rule to all who would communicate to their readers the advantages and delights of travel.

It would be difficult to name any scene of striking interest in our own country, that can be visited at less expenditure of time and trouble than are requisite in these days for a trip to France. We do not undervalue home. A holiday at the Lakes or in the Highlands, in Wales or Ireland, let all compass who can afford it; but in them, the old world and your old self are with you still. In a foreign land, one, for a time at least, changes all these. How eagerly does the eye strain itself for the first glimpse of its rising shores; how rapturously does it strive to embody the faint hues of distance into the living objects so long dreamed of, the men and habitations of another clime; and when the steamer shoots at length into the crowded harbour, every object and every sound speaks of another world, of high and delicious interest; an hour in such a scene is felt to be worth a year in a familiar one, giving a fillip to the mind like an alternative in medicine to a jaded frame, and freshening its energies as a breeze does the sluggishness of a summer day. How anxiously do we seek to enter the enchanted scene, though it is no such easy matter! The narrow steps that lead from the deck to

the paddle-box, and so ashore, are beset by two meeting tides of passengers, whose point of contact is marked by struggles, shrieks, crushing of band-boxes, fainting of women, and triumphant issues from the vortex of the young and brave, who, by dint of strength and of sex, have escaped to the gangway, and may pass through the line of wondering soldiers to the necessary examinations of the custom-house. There, those who have also emerged from the awful conflict are collected in a dense and impatient knot, ever augmenting from behind, till the last of the *Britannic* freight, even to the fainting invalid, has been accounted for; and there must they wait in patience till the barrier is removed that admits them, two by two, into the presence of the close-cropped, moustachioed, military-looking officials to whom the charge is committed of inspecting passports and examining luggage. Opened at length it is, and what a rush ensues! although it cannot by possibility admit more than its width allows, the centre and outside of the mass appear to act on the conviction that if they only keep pushing with sufficient vigour, the solid flesh that is between them and the envied entrance may be made to evaporate into air. The result of the experiment is only reproaches, remonstrances, screams, and faintings; and when the calm officials within are observed, from time to time, to cast a look upon the scene, in which not a little of pity and contempt are blended, no wonder that our countrymen consider themselves, ere they have been even an hour in France, a set of most ill-used and insulted individuals. What a blessing at length to reach the hall, to breathe in the open street, to be free! But there is no time to loiter—this is but Dieppe. We must have you in Paris before morning, so quick, and into the train.

'Paris!' cries sharply and quickly the military-looking guard who unlocks your door, and seeing you confused somewhat by your long sleep, he politely musters English enough to say: '*Dat way, sare.*' Now for a squeeze again. Your fellow-passengers, invigorated by repose for the dread encounter, are, as you saw them last, in front of the still closed door which is to admit them into the hall where their luggage is to be examined; and happy does the man think himself who is nearest to it. Open at last it goes, and the full tide dashes inward. Hallo! what is this?—nothing but spaciousness, quietness, and order here; nothing but tables round the vast hall, on which every man's baggage, according to the number he received at starting, from 1 upwards, is arranged, as if by fairy hands, awaiting the arrival of the inspectors. Alas! our boxes are marked 413.

'Think,' we observe to our friend Smith, 'of waiting till the whole intermediate packages have passed muster!'

'Nonsense!' he replies. 'I will let you into a secret. Why, mine was 517; but as I managed, as I always do, to push in among the first, I quietly lugged my portmanteau to the top of the line, even above No. 1, and there they come to inspect it.'

Alas! for Smith. His little trick was discovered; and all our poor friend gets for his pains is to be conducted, amid general laughter, to the very extremity of the line, to give indignant utterance to the remark that true liberty is unknown among these French. He is right so far. No more of that liberty in which he rejoices will he see till he reach Old England. A genuine, pushing, shrieking, selfish crowd, visit what sights, and gaze with what thousands he may, will never gladden his *Britannic* heart till he is safe at the London terminus. Till then, he must be content to be orderly, polite, and happy, remembering that if the Smiths of creation desire to get forward everywhere, the rest of mankind desire to get forward also, and regard any practical forgetfulness of the fact, such as our friend was surprised in, as gross selfishness and impertinence.

The stranger in France is amazed for a time at its inhabitants having been described to him as a peculiarly civil and obliging people. At first, they appear eminently the reverse. He asks the road, for example, and though the person accosted has instantly his hat in his hand, and seems all smiles and civility, he walks off suddenly with a frown, and the answer only half given. Entering some neighbouring shop for information, the neat-handed maiden behind the counter, who seems at first sight actually radiant with desire to please, instantly becomes cold as an icicle, and turns away with a look and murmur of disdain. Pushing into the omnibus that is awaiting its complement, all that was smiling at the instant of his entrance freezes also into strange and repulsive coldness, and our excellent traveller wonders that the French should ever have been deemed even civilised. He will modify his judgment, should observation or some kind friend hint to him that he who would seek politeness from others must shew it to them. Why, when the gentleman of whom he inquired the way, courteously raised his hat to him, did he keep his own hat nailed so firmly to his head? Why, when he addressed the young shopwoman, and entered the omnibus, did he omit the ordinary civility of touching his beaver as he entered? He forgot to pay that respect to others that is constantly given and looked for, and he instantly ceased to be respected. No man may be so popular with the French as an Englishman, if he will only condescend to their ways a little, and bring himself to believe that, while the consciousness of an ample purse may make him indifferent in some degree to their good opinion, the large good-nature and benevolence which form the true charm of society, can only be opened in their hearts by the golden key of civility. This is a mighty secret for making the wheel of life move easily among our lively neighbours. Whatever may be the real feelings with which the wealthier classes among themselves regard the poor, certain it is that no proprietor would meet his workmen, no master his servant, without an outward acknowledgment of civility, costing little, pleasing much, and binding society together with flowery and far stronger bonds than all the laws and penalties of the statute-book.

The certainty that reigns in France of every one, no matter what his station, meeting the outward respect that their national vanity so prizes, has important social results: it engenders contentment with their lot; it prevents the striving to overstep his sphere and tread on his neighbour's heels, which forms so painful and ruinous a feature in home society, and tempts no one to seem other than he really is. The ambition of a female servant in France is not, by a wretched aping of the bonnet and feathers, the shawl and crinoline of her wealthy mistress, to endeavour to pass on Sundays for a lady; but in the snowy cap and neat stuff-gown of her class, to appear the tidiest of servants—sure that she will thus command a respect which those borrowed plumes, that are not unfrequently the purchase of her truth and honour, could never for a moment obtain.

'You! rubbish!' (*canaille*) we overheard a young puppy of a foreigner say to a poor rag-gatherer, who had gently remonstrated with him for a ruder push in a crowd than was at all necessary.

'Rubbish!' exclaimed the indignant *chiffonnier*. 'Am not I an industrious man? Do I not pay my debts? I support my poverty. I am a peaceful citizen. I owe no man a centime. Rubbish! *sacré!*'

He had reason to be indignant. It is not the part we play on the stage of life, but the manner we play it, that ought to constitute merit and command applause.

This happy and philosophic contentment with the condition of life in which each is placed, as it prevents any foolish aping of superiors, saves also from an expensive one. It is arranged in every French

family, from that of the highest noble to that of the humblest shopkeeper who has a room to receive company, that on such and such an evening the master shall always be found at home. In, without ceremony, drop his friends—the fair sex to talk, the men to discuss the news, the old people to take a hand at *piquet*, the young to have a round of charades; then is music always, and frequently an innocent little dance; and then, with a cup of tea, with which it is the fashion at present to close such evenings, a biscuit, a bunch of grapes, or a glass of light wine, all betake themselves homewards, after a rational and delightful evening, the cost of which, to the entertainers, has been only a few shillings. When any one once receives an invitation to such a circle, it does not require to be repeated; he is always welcome; his presence, in fact, is a compliment to the family; and as these meetings range through all spheres, political, literary, and friendly, they throw around life in France a constant and inexpressible charm.

It must not be forgotten, however, that when the love of society, which in other countries is regarded in the light of a merely occasional relaxation, is considered a necessity of life, its indulgence brings many evils in its train. A Frenchman is never at home, except to company. He has not, as well known, a word for home. Besides the theatres and public places of amusement, every class, from the highest to the lowest, has its favourite coffee-house, where the workman has his glass of beer and interminable game of dominoes, and the shopkeeper or loungee his cup of coffee and his billiards; while in summer, the dancing-garden, or, in Paris, the pavement of the Boulevards or gay alleys of the Tuileries, where the air is so soft that life seems steeped in enjoyment, and the ever-moving crowd appears as gay and happy as if neither sorrow nor sin had a place on earth, furnish to a people so pleased with themselves, and disposed to be pleased with the whole world, their indispensable necessity of society in a form as inexpensive as it is innocent. Doubtless this absence of home-likings and enjoyments—this positive dislike to the fireside, where, amid wife and children, and the cares and anxieties they bring, the character acquires most readily both the tenderness and strength which form true greatness—may be the source to the Frenchman of all that frivolity, fickleness, and ferocity which, from time to time, in modern history, have rendered him an object of such fearful interest to the world. Taking his tone from the oracle of his coffee-house, and sensitively afraid of the ridicule which the manly expression of any purely natural sentiment would occasion there, he loses his individuality in the light, mocking, unbelieving spirit of society, and falls an easy prey to whatever phase or feeling it may assume, equally ready, should it be the order of the day, to be atheist or Christian, monarchist or republican, monkey or tiger. What France still wants, as in the days of the first Bonaparte, is homes and mothers; but where children are regarded as a calamity in a family, to be boarded away as soon as possible; where their very number is fixed by contract, and limited to one, or at most three, by some means known best to themselves; and all that monsieur and madame may be able to indulge in their taste for society, true greatness of character and stability of institutions are expected in vain.

In deploring that disregard of the sacred training and ties of home which prevails in France, it would be unjust to omit one very pleasing feature that marks almost universally its population—their extraordinary respect for old age. It is the paradise of grandmothers. For her, or her aged partner, the warmest seat in the chimney-corner, the best dish at the table, are conceded with spontaneous warmth; and when the saint's day comes round whose name they bear, poor indeed is the relative of the family who does not appear with kind wishes, and a flower

or a little present. In the anniversaries of those saints of the calendar, the commonness of whose name gives them a very numerous spiritual offspring, it is said that in Paris alone £20,000 are often expended on flowers; and as a pleasing indication that this respect for the aged does not evaporate in mere sentiment, there are few able to provide for their own sustenance, who would not consider the asking of public relief for their superannuated or helpless parents an inexpressible and indelible disgrace.

In so far as the female portion of the population is concerned, their devoted industry, while they are able to exercise it, well entitles them to kindness when age and poverty conspire to demand its aid. The great social problem which at present is engaging the benevolent of our own country—how shall we find employment for those of our female population whose condition places them above menial service—has long and successfully been solved in France. It is considered there that when a lady goes to purchase a dress or a pair of gloves, a trinket for herself or a toy for her children, she will prefer being served by one of her own sex, rather than by a broad-shouldered specimen of the other. So long as the soil demands cultivators, the country soldiers and mechanics, merchants and artisans, such as only the brain and strength of manhood can supply, it is thought an ungallant and unseemly invasion of the rights of the weak, that any employment for which they are peculiarly qualified should be taken from them. Woman, that finds both her virtue, comfort, and delight in labour, is permitted, in consequence, to exercise it. She often acts as ticket-dispenser at railway stations, as book-keeper at hotels and shops, and as attendant on the heaped tables of the reading-room. The watchmaker consigns to her delicate touch the finer parts of his mechanism, and the jeweller the setting of his costly gems; the wood-engraver expects his most delicate and tasteful cuts from her; and the picture-dealer invites her to plant her easel in the Louvre or Luxembourg, to reproduce, as she well can, the master-pieces of ancient or modern art. Nor is the mallet of the sculptor considered to disgrace the hands of a princess: one of the noblest statues of modern times, representing Joan of Arc clasping the consecrated sword, being the production of a daughter of the late Citizen King. The individual and social advantages which the honour that is thus paid to labour brings are incalculable. Pride is never permitted to interfere with usefulness; and many a young female, who would have been debarré, as with us, by its pernicious influence from the honourable employment of her powers, and been tempted to seek a refuge from poverty in a life of shame, is enabled, by the wiser and more merciful arrangements which obtain in France, to secure a virtuous and comfortable independence.

This recognition of female usefulness, and respect accorded to its exercise, is attended by other important results to the welfare and arrangements of society. No well-conducted young woman is condemned to the cheerlessness of old-maidish life. A young female, trained to the idea that she has a position of activity to fill, and work to do, is regarded by the other sex, who have marriage in prospect, not in the light of an expensive encumbrance, but as a help and a gain; and it will depend on herself alone if, at a comparatively early age, she does not obtain the opportunity of being a happy wife. Should she decline the position, and that, unfortunately, as many thousands do, with the view of enjoying the happiness of affection without its sacred restraints and duties, she has herself to thank if there are restraints imposed on her by the laws of another and an ignominious kind. It certainly contrasts most strikingly with the appearance of our own cities, that the most delicate female may walk till midnight along the streets of the French capital without being once reminded that a profession of vice exists. The frequency with which its shameless and bloated aspect, and even voice, obtrudes itself on the

attention in our own cities would not be tolerated for a moment. We believe that, as a people, there is none more pure on earth than ourselves, and are prepared to admit in regard to Paris, where the sacredness of the marriage-tie is said at this moment to be less esteemed than at any period since the dissolute reign of Louis XIV., and where the illegitimate births of the population are as ten to twenty-three, that disregard for chastity prevails to an extent that is sapping the best foundations of society; but this is certain, that vice, if it is wanted, must be sought. It never, as on our own streets, is suffered to obtrude its hideous or painted visage on the young and innocent, but is kept in the secrecy that becomes its nature. Should a young woman, yet unfallen, be observed by the Argus eyes of the police to loiter at shop-windows or on the street, as she goes to discharge her errands, a request is at once conveyed to her parents or mistress to admonish her; should she persist in her levities, she is by and by requested to walk to the nearest police station, where she is seriously and kindly warned that the next time she attracts attention, she will be required to make up her mind whether a life of honour or publicity is to be her choice. Should this also be ineffectual, she is at once walked off to the reformatory, when, at the end of some months, she has again the choice offered of vice or virtue; and should she decide for the former, she is marked for ever, bound to conform herself to decent laws, and told that the attempt to annoy a passenger on the public street, or even to present herself there, will procure her an instant acquaintance with the hard labour and infamy of a prison. Surely there is something to commend and to copy here. Why should vice only, after night-fall, be the occupant of our public streets? Why should its loathsomeness and temptations be suffered so shamelessly to obtrude themselves on the innocent and virtuous? They order those things better among our neighbours. True it is, that there the well-conducted of society are far more shocked at the appearance of grossness than at its nature. We would not thus have mere appearances of virtue come in place of it; but certainly they should not be so wholly disregarded as among ourselves; and we envy the state of manners which the fact discloses, that a lady who had occasion last summer to walk along the Great Boulevard, on her return from a sick relative, when it was close on midnight, was only once accosted on the entire route, and the person who addressed her was an Englishman.

To the volatile Parisians, our countrymen, for lighter reasons, afford subjects of a good deal of harmless mirth. In the minor theatres, and those *cafés* where comic songs and recitations form part of the entertainment, the Englishman is a stock-piece, produced almost nightly; not in the top-boots and broad skirts which used to form the conventional John Bull, but dapper and trim, with cane and eye-glass, which he is made to stick in the visual orbit, for a good stare, should he happen to be addressed; a perpetual habit of adjusting his shirt-collar and arranging his hair when he enters a room; execrable French, spoken from the depths of the chest, and full of the double meanings which send the audience into shrieks of laughter, but with a generosity of feeling, at the same time, which makes him rather a favourite on the whole. The usual appellation given us by the boy-wits of the street at this moment is, 'Monsieur I say;' not unfrequently, 'Monsieur *Combien*;' 'How much?' being frequently the whole ready-money phraseology many of our intelligent countrymen can muster; and to see the *donkey* with the two panniers, or, in other words, a good unsuspecting British *paterfamilias* proceeding blandly and benevolently along with a lady on each arm, will throw a whole crowd into motion. That we are reared on horseback; are taught from infancy to box; are accustomed to no food save porter and raw beef-steaks; travel in France

because of our intense misery at home; live in cold and perpetual mists; and die at last of consumption, from the dismal necessity of sitting half of our time over coal-fires—are articles of the creed even of intelligent Frenchmen, which no representations to the contrary can shake; and that there would not be one inhabitant in these islands who would not leave it for *la belle France*, provided he were rich enough to afford the expatriation, is believed much more generally than holy writ.

Living in Paris at present, for an English family, requires the fabled dimensions of even English fortunes. From the enormous expenditure incurred during the present reign, by the fortifying and embellishing of the city, and which have made it equally the strongest and most magnificent capital in the world, the rent of houses and price of provisions, which are the chief sources from which the requisite funds are raised, have risen fully one-third during the last ten years. When it is considered that every bullock that enters the gates is taxed sixty-three francs; every sheep, four; every hundred bottles of wine, twenty-seven, and thus in proportion with every article of daily consumption; when every pitcher of water has to be conveyed from the public well by the stout porters of Auvergne, and every billet of wood is at least twice the price of its bulk in Newcastle coal; when the wages of a common kitchen-maid are from sixteen to twenty pounds; and the rent of a house at least three times greater than in the best cities at home; and when there is added to all this the large, half-compulsory contributions that are levied from time to time to procure *fêtes* for the populace on any fitting occasion of public rejoicing, it will be seen that Paris must be, as it really is, one of the most expensive places in the world. By its citizens and shopkeepers, the pressure is very deeply felt. Any one that looked last autumn at the appearance of the city, when the emperor, at the head of eighty thousand soldiers of the conquering army of Italy, made his public entry through its streets, might have regarded the gorgeous and lavish decorations they exhibited as proofs equally of boundless wealth and devoted loyalty. Flags from every window; triumphal arches at every interval; colossal statues of exquisite design, raised on noble and classically sculptured pedestals; gilded Victories, extending from stately columns crowns of laurel over the passing troops whenever a spot favourable for their erection appeared; and the whole public offices of the Place Vendôme, where the empress and her son were seated, covered with hangings of gorgeous crimson velvet, studded with golden bees, and heavy with golden fringes, appeared the willing contributions of a people as loyal as they were opulent. But well did every householder on that line of march know, that aught like the semblance of unwillingness to contribute to the general splendour would be reported by the police as an indication of disaffection to the government, and made the pretext of his speedy ruin. The neck of France is compressed at this moment by a hand of iron; and the condition of her being allowed to breathe is, to appear to be happy and to smile.

The class in Paris that has always performed the most terrible part in its various revolutions—the workmen—have been effectually, for the present, gained over to the cause of order, by the abundant employment which its unparalleled embellishment and extension provide for them. What with extending the fortifications, constructing new approaches, throwing down the high dismal streets of old Paris, to make way for broad boulevards, along which the rattling of artillery may be heard at a moment's notice, whenever the dangerous population that inhabit it shew the slightest symptom of disaffection—the workmen-class are fully employed; and being paid at the rate of five francs a day, while their living, as single men, amounts to little more than half that sum, they are quiet and

contented. We have frequently looked in at their vast dining-rooms, where, for eightpence a head, they may be seen, seated by hundreds, devouring soup, meat, and brown bread. We have penetrated into their wine-houses and dormitories, where, by twenties and thirties in one apartment, they lodge for about five francs a month; and when coloured ribbons at a button-hole or on a cap indicated that the wearer had, in the course of his profession, made the tour of France, and was a Companion of the Order of the Children of Solomon, or of Father Soubise, societies which no government can suppress, and which, though ostensibly formed with the view of protecting their craft alone, are made political engines of most fearful power. We have been delighted to have a talk with these chiefs of the people, and have seen quite enough of their feelings to find no difficulty in realising the terrors of their famous march to Versailles, to conduct poor Louis XVI. to Paris, or of the bloody scenes of the barricades of later times. They are the most tasteful workmen in the world, at all times the most sober, and, when well fed and employed, the most polite and peaceful; but let the dark day of hunger come, and it would soon be discovered, we fear, that the history of the revolutions of Paris is not yet complete.

A far less pleasing, though equally conspicuous portion of the population of France, are the soldiers. What a rage for military organisation our neighbours have! The pupils of every grammar-school are in uniform, and trained to the modes of camp-discipline from their childhood; the prizes they receive are laurel-crowns: all tends to elevate the successful warrior to the highest platform of humanity; and it is no unnatural consequence that agriculture and commerce, the true sources of a country's greatness, are neglected for the barren and blood-stained honours of the trade of war. Let an eye, accustomed to the rich and cultivated landscapes of our own country, gaze from the railway carriage over the valley of the Seine, or the vast level tracts of corn-land that lead thence to the course of the silver Loire, and a glance will serve to shew that the withdrawal of six hundred thousand of the population from the peaceful pursuits of agriculture to the unprofitableness of soldiering, keeps that science in its infancy, and causes the rich resources of nature to be most cruelly wasted. What mere patches of fields dot the view! so many as a dozen crops will be found on a single acre; while the absence of all plan, and even all fences, make it matter of wonder that a soil so managed should yield even bread in sufficient quantity for the wants of the cultivators. The law which requires that properties shall be equally divided among the children of a deceased proprietor, as it has removed anything like a middle class between the people and throne of France, and has made either a republic or a military despotism a matter of necessity with them, has acted not less injuriously on the interests of agriculture. The country where every rood of ground owns, if it does not maintain, its master, must always be ill cultivated; and should it happen that that individual is forced, for a considerable portion of his life, to shoulder a musket instead of wielding a spade, the evil will be still further aggravated. Such is the present state of affairs in France. The conscription, with its merciless exactions, forces men into the army whose whole soul revolts at the necessity; and as a substitute, even in times of peace, cannot be procured for less than £80 sterling, it will be readily seen that many a gay uniform in the imperial troops conceals a discontented and rebellious heart.

It cannot be denied, however, that public feeling in France, which attaches such an undue and fatal importance to renown in arms, has a powerful influence both in reconciling the conscript to his obligatory service, and supplying him with motives to rise in it. What power has not that room in Versailles exerted, in which the terrible marshals of Napoleon, Murat,

Kleber, Ney, Massena, and Davoust, are represented, not only with the gorgeous decorations of dukes and princes of the empire, but also in that uniform of a private soldier in which their career begun! In the face of any one of the number of young men who are constantly to be found gazing on these pictures, an observer may trace a firm resolution to keep that path of exertion and honour where the glittering prize is alone found. This stimulus to ambition does much to keep the French soldier what he is—prodigal of life, but thoughtful, studious, and self-denying. Raised as they are by conscription, they are often educated and superior men. It perplexes a stranger to see military etiquette, as understood among us, so flagrantly violated daily as that privates should be found drinking or breakfasting at the same tables in the cafés with their officers; and this excited, as his dispatches shew, no little wonder in even the Duke of Wellington, when, in 1815, he found the officer of his guard of honour playing at cards with his men. The explanation is, that the men are frequently the schoolfellows or the relatives of their officers, and hope—promotion being given to merit, and not to money—to be shortly in the same rank. It is pleasing to see even here that they desire to be worthy of the distinction. They are always to be found deep in study in the public libraries, or hanging with avidity about the book and map sellers' shops; and form, by their sobriety and intelligence, a marked contrast to the dissolute, pothouse-frequenting soldiers of our own streets. Strolling through the camp of St Maur lately, where the army of Italy were under canvas, amid cleaning of accoutrements, drill, feats of gymnastics, and marvellous attempts at cooking, we saw many of the men in their tents deeply engaged in study; and on pausing to read a paper in manuscript attached to one of the trees of the place, we found it to be an elegy, in French, Greek, and Latin, on a boy who, a few days previously, had been killed on that spot by lightning, the composition of No. such a one, of such a regiment—a private soldier.

On the whole, we have something to learn from our lively neighbours, and we have purposely dwelt in these observations on the traits of manners and character from which we ought to learn. A person who enters a garden may find either roses or weeds there, just according to what he looks for; and he is, in our opinion, both the more amiable and the wiser man who, instead of returning in triumph with some fetid efflorescence of the dunghill to display in malignant triumph, secures some blushing flower in his perambulations, at once teaching sweetness and diffusing it. They who can discover nothing but nettles in their neighbours' gardens should be scourged with and condemned to eat them; and while ready with our latest breath to cry, 'Britain for ever!' we can add, though of course less heartily, *Vive la France!*

INSIDE THE STUDIO.

Let me at once frankly express my belief, that no human being ever existed more sincerely desirous of worldly prosperity than the present writer. But he has been puzzled, bewildered, spoiled by the conflicting advice of his dearest friends. 'Why don't you do so and so?' inquired one. 'Ah, if you'd only apply yourself,' was the resigned remark of another. 'Slow and sure, my boy,' was the authoritative warning of his great uncle; while his cousin William, whom an accidental speculation in soap had pitchforked into prosperity, declared that the only way to succeed in these modern days was to 'hit 'em up.' I had been the uncomplaining victim of each preceding injunction; each had resulted in failure. What was I to do? The battle of life must be fought somehow, but where was the stand-point for victory? At this moment of painful perplexity, an enthusiastic friend informed me of

the enormous profits daily earned by the exercise of an art then, as the penny-a-liners say, 'in its infancy'; in short, photography.

A motley crew they were, the 'artists' of seven years ago: linendrapers out of situation; temperance lecturers, eking out a slender income by honourable employment; actors and vocalists, whose avocations left them the day at their own disposal; broken-down clerks, and others of meaner station. The ranks of these 'operators' were speedily recruited from the 'doorsmen'—that is, the 'touters', who, picking up a smattering of the art, set up for themselves, and thus became the rivals of their former masters. When it is remembered with what ease in photography a result of some kind can be obtained, and that, at the time I speak of, almost anything was satisfactory to the public, my readers will cease to be astonished at the number of persons who resorted to the new art, and found in its exercise a profitable employment. My arrangements were speedily made. Borrowing ten pounds from my dear old trusting Aunt Betsey, I invested that amount in the hands of a professor, whose studio was situate in a broad thoroughfare leading out of Fleet Street. I was enjoined by him to be punctual at nine the following morning, when he promised to give me the first insight into an art, by means of which I was speedily to realise a handsome competence, and thus practically refute the evil prognostications of my friends. Exactly at the time specified, I presented myself at the establishment of my new tutor, who hurriedly instructed me how to pose a sitter, and, indeed, initiated me into most other of the minor but useful preliminaries. I have, my friends tell me, a moderate share of assurance; but I found myself a perfect young Marlow in comparison with my instructor. Could human lips persuade me that black was *really* white, those of the individual I allude to would have been certainly successful. He possessed, besides, such a marvellous tact in adapting himself to the different peculiarities of his customers, that one could fancy that their very minds were mapped out before him.

Scarcely had we set our studio in order before the doorsman, rapidly ascending the stairs, breathlessly announced a customer. 'She won't go to no more than a shilling,' he gasped. A very corpulent lady indeed. Her face, excessively flushed, was surrounded by a bonnet-cap, which, though wonderfully large, was only in proportion to the size of the bonnet it was intended to adorn. Gloves of the commonest kind concealed her puffy hands, while a shawl of intricate pattern and variegated colour almost entirely covered her respectable but portly form. The 'glass-house' was a temporary erection at the top of the roof. Access was gained by a feeble ladder, originally, for the sake of cheapness, constructed of green wood. The hot sun had twisted its component parts in the most singular but effective manner; it was afflicted with the ricketts, and evidently failing fast. By a series of violent efforts on her own part, vigorously encouraged and carefully guided by the professor and myself, the corpulent lady eventually reached that frail, transparent structure, perched, as I before said, on the very apex of the roof.

'Screw her up,' said the operator to me carelessly as he disappeared into the dark room—'screw her up!'

'Goodness gracious!' ejaculated the unfortunate victim; 'what does the gentleman mean?'

'He merely requests me to pose you, madam,' I replied.

'Pose! I never was more astonished. Let me go down stairs, young man.'

'I should say to place you in a proper position,' I interrupted soothingly. 'That's it, ma'am. Gloves off, if you please; your hands so; your eyes fixed on that small piece of white paper: lean against this, if you please (placing her head in the 'rest'). I will mind your bonnet. There: that's it—admirable!' I

added, really somewhat pleased at the effect I had contributed to create.

'Now, ma'am,' remarked my instructor, as he issued from his den, to the tortured innocent in the chair—'now, ma'am, look pleasant.'

She endeavoured to obey. A strange and awful expression passed over her countenance—the ends of her mouth she somehow hitched up to her ears; her eyes emerged from their sockets, while the loose skin of her forehead arranged itself in folds, like reefs in a ship's sail.

'Do not move,' enjoined the artist, 'till I replace the cap. Cap off. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Cap on, again.'

The victim accepted the relief with a deep sigh of resignation.

I accompanied the artist into his dark room, to witness the process of developing the picture. It 'came out' at last. It certainly resembled the original as she appeared when she was taken; but I need hardly add that the expression of her face, at that moment of agony, was wholly unlike the one her countenance habitually wore.

'You'll never give her that!' I whispered.

'Won't I?' responded my instructor. 'You shall see.' Advancing from his dark room, he had the exquisite assurance thus to address his visitor: 'I congratulate you, madam, on the very best result we have obtained to-day.' (No more than the literal truth; she was the first visitor we had had.) 'The half-tones are superb. Beautiful!' he continued in raptured accents—'beautiful. Are they not, Mr Jinks?'—appealing to me.

'They are certainly most charming,' I was villain enough to assert.

'Well, um, ah!' returned the original of the great work—'well, I don't think it is so very like.'

'Oh, it *must* be a likeness,' roundly and positively declared the artist. 'It can't help being a portrait. Look at the shawl.'

'Well, yes, it is like the shawl: the shawl is *capital*.'

'Then, of course, ma'am, it must be like you.'

Not being a sufficient mistress of logic to discuss the point, the unhappy lady surrendered at discretion.

'What price did you? eh?'

'Only a shilling,' interrupted the victim; 'young man below said it was to be only a shilling.'

'Oh,' responded the photographer, with a magnificent bow, 'you will not be imposed on *here*. May I trouble you to walk down stairs while I reduce the picture to the shilling size.'

'Reduce it?'

'This size is *two* shillings; but I do not care for trouble; I will cut it. Your face will be preserved, ma'am, but your shawl will not be seen.'

That remark decided the question: the portrait should remain as it was.

We moved down to the reception-room. 'Would you like to have it coloured?' was the next inquiry.

'Coloured? O dear, no.' *That* she wouldn't.

'Sixpence, merely,' remarked the artist, looking out a 'mat' and 'preserver.'

'Only sixpence?'

'And the improvement,' she was informed, was 'immense!'

'If it was only sixpence.'

A hint was enough. A dab of powdered colour vigorously thrust on either cheek, then a portion puffed away. The operation was complete before I thought it had been fairly begun.

The portrait, secured in the aforesaid 'mat' and 'preserver,' was then carefully fitted into a case of morocco leather, neatly lined with silk velvet of a crimson hue.

'Without case, two-and-six; with, *five*-and-six. A superior article, you will observe, ma'am, with the hinges gilt.'

The old lady hesitated.

'A portrait,' remarked the photographer, 'is not an everyday expense. Accident, madam, has been your friend, and you possess a perfect specimen of my art. This gift of fortune, without a case, may fade—may be broken; with a case, it positively lasts for ever—absolutely!'

Flattered, cajoled, convinced, our visitor paid the five-and-six, and was politely shewn down stairs.

A tremendous hubbub—a child something less than three was being brought for its 'picture, bless it!' Five brothers and sisters accompanied the prodigy, for the purpose of witnessing the operation, and generally seeing fair. What a clatter!—what a confusion of tongues! The child had to be partially undressed, its hair to be combed, and its curls to be arranged. These manipulations were executed amid a fire of injunctions. It was to be steady; it was not to frown; it was to hold its head up so; it was to keep its hands behind; it was not, on any account whatever, to move its eyes! At last, the infantine object of so much solicitude began to cry, kick, and yell in the most fearful and persevering manner. Finally, the parent was informed by the artist that the latter always charged treble price for children. The parent, hot, excited, indignant, received the announcement with satirical abuse. The child, roaring still louder at the altercation, was caught up by its perspiring mamma; and the whole family, declaiming to each other on the attempted imposition, swept from the reception-room.

A lad and a girl. The former wanted a resemblance of his sister, to take with him to another continent; a second of himself, to leave behind. He was poor, he said, and wished as good a portrait as could be got for the shilling. Our photographer exercised his utmost skill. The brother's likeness, he ascertained, was to be hung up in the best parlour of the little home he left behind; the sister's, to be borne by the wanderer—oh, who shall say whither? So the one the considerate artist inserted in a neat card-board frame, which could be easily suspended from the wall; the other in a small case, easily carried in the pocket. A shilling was all he charged for each of these, though his regular price would be at least four times that amount. I wish people would understand at how small a cost happiness can be distributed. Those trumpety cases were of almost infinitesimal value, yet will the pleasure occasioned by their gift be an agreeable remembrance for two whole lives.

Fine day—business uncommonly brisk. Our next visitor of importance was a policeman. We—mind, I say *we*—were in this instance very successful; yet, somehow, a policeman always looks a policeman. Dress him how you will, the staff seems perpetually peeping from his pocket—'Move on there!' for ever on his lips. He was treated with enormous respect, for it having been most wickedly declared that photographic establishments were becoming positive nuisances, it was of importance to their proprietors to secure the good opinion of the force.

Next in order ascended a clean, tidy, red-faced lass, evidently a servant out for a holiday. She was accompanied by her sweetheart, as clearly a butcher in her neighbourhood. How they laughed! How delighted she was with the smudgy thing given her as her resemblance. Then she would insist on John 'a'aving on his done.' First he wouldn't; subsequently, he thought he would. Then would *she* have a cheap imitation morocco case? Well! *she* would, if *he* would. Then they both had it, and laughing and blushing, descended, billing and cooing, into the street.

Our succeeding visitor was of a very different stamp. Tall was he, and broad shouldered, wearing perfectly new corduroy trousers, tastefully relieved by an expansive waistcoat of plush material and cerulean colour. This obtrusive garment was decorated by gilt buttons of brilliant polish. High cheek-bones had our

customer, short hair also, and small eyes. Ascending at once into the glass-room, and sitting down without any absurd preliminary fuss, the gentleman abruptly expressed himself as follows: 'Now, guv'nor, let's have a bob's worth.'

'Certainly, sir,' said the artist, with mock humility; then to me, with a wink: 'Focus the gentleman.'

'Hocus me!' cried our visitor in stentorian tones, and drawing himself up to his full height. 'I should like to see the chap as can do it.'

While the operator was giggling and busily preparing in the dark room, I elaborately explained the difference between an 'f' and an 'h,' with such an important addendum as 'ocus.' Calmed at length, the giant arranged his big awkward limbs into what he fancied was a position of extreme elegance. The singular smile which irradiated his square countenance can only be conceived by the liveliest imagination; no artful arrangement of printed words could possibly convey an adequate idea of it. The result of the photographic operation was still more extraordinary. I am not naturally a nervous man, but I confess that the moment before the artist exhibited the portrait to the original, I experienced that peculiar tingling of the nerves which a brave man may be supposed to feel the moment before a battle. My alarm, however, was speedily dissipated; the broad-shouldered fellow was delighted. He insisted on 'ropping' it up himself, and neatly binding the parcel with string. He thumped down stairs, and I heard him stop on the landing. I had the curiosity to look over the balustrades, and was amused to notice the gigantic child absolutely undoing his parcel, that he might once more glance at his prize before going into the street.

A very old lady and a very little boy. She was steeped in an awful silence. The task of life's day was nearly accomplished with her, and night was approaching apace. Slowly, feebly she ascended the stairs; softly, quietly sat down. The first picture he took of her did not please the artist; the second was a success. The boy paid in fourpenny-pieces; he had been breeched, he told us, pointing to his shining clothes, the day before, and his friends had silver-lined the pockets. The little lad had expended a portion of this treasure on a something which should remind him of his kind old grandmother, when she was gone.

No sooner had these departed than I had the misfortune, in turning suddenly round, to knock down the camera, and break the focussing-glass. What is to be done? Our operator is good-natured, and sends his man to a neighbouring warehouse with the instrument, that it may be fitted with a new one. Light, he informs me, has failed for the day. No more business can be done, and the instrument will be repaired by the morrow.

The 'doorsman,' William, returned from his errand, has removed the show-cases in the street; the artist has washed, and taken off his blouse; we both prepare to depart. Hark! a step upon the stairs, and a youth, a very Moses in appearance, enters the reception-room. He demands a guinea portrait. Remembering my accident to the camera, I am instantly bathed in a profuse perspiration, and look despairingly at my instructor. He, to my astonishment, is dilating on the different prices; and eventually a bargain is struck between him and his visitor, by which a coloured portrait of the latter is to be furnished by the former for the sum of one pound five shillings, lawful money of Great Britain.

I perform my part in the farce. The gentleman is requested to walk up stairs. I follow, and 'screw him up.' I tell him to put his arms and his hands in such and such a position; I enjoin him neither to stir nor move, and, abstracted in wonder, leave him to his approaching fate. The confident artist ascends the stairs with a something in the black focussing-cloth; much do I marvel what that something is. My hair stands on end when I recognise it as a *cigar box*!

'Steady!' The photographer begins to count and critically examine the light, as though he were really taking a portrait. 'That will do, sir,' he suddenly remarks, and instantly disappears into the dark room. From the interior of that mysterious recess I hear audible whispers of approval: 'Beautiful result! exquisite! charming!' He comes out with a triumphant smile diffusing itself over his countenance, and in a loud aside, thus addresses me: 'The advantage of an intelligent sitter.—Look at that, sir!' With the last word, he shewed the visitor one of those blotchy-looking things called negatives, where all the blacks are whites, and all the whites are blacks. The sitter held his breath with amazement. 'When that is finished, sir,' resumed the artist, 'it will be a delightful thing.'

'Can I not,' inquired the victim—'can I not take it away with me to-night?'

'A work of art like this, sir, is not completed by inspiration. I must labour at it to-night; to-morrow morning, if you will call *yourself*, sir, I will finish it from the life.'

The victim assented, and began to search for his hat. The following dialogue ensued:

'I am almost ashamed to mention so slight a matter, but I must really trouble you for a deposit.'

'A deposit!'

'We have, you see, sir, people of every kind. On many occasions, I have lost my trouble. In self-defence, I am compelled to make a deposit from my visitors an inflexible rule—inflexible.'

'Will half a sovereign?'

'Oh, perfectly, sir, between gentlemen. Then at ten to-morrow I shall have the pleasure. Good-evening, sir; good-evening.'

As though such a transaction was an everyday matter, the photographer made no further remark, but arraying himself in walking-costume, paid his 'doorsman' two-and-sixpence, which, with five per cent. commission on the receipts, was the poor fellow's earnings for the day. I and my instructor left the house together.

'That was rather sharp practice of yours,' I observed. 'I am very sorry that my carelessness'—

'Oh, never mention it; I often do that sort of thing when the light fades and the camera is not broken.'

'Well—but,' I inquired, 'how do you manage?'

'Oh, easily enough. The deposit settles the business: it will insure the gentleman's punctuality to his appointment, when I shall tell him that some accident has occurred—that my servant has dropped his portrait. Of course, I shall assure him that it is far from my intention to make him pay for the fault of another, but that I must trouble him to sit once more. He will sit, and this time will take away a genuine portrait. These things require tact, you see.'

'NAY-BOEN.'

We are told by a recent visitor of Japan, that there prevails in that empire a system called *nay-boen*, by which an event may for a time be considered as a hushed-up secret, and a person may go about, act, and even die, under a temporary *incognito*. It is a custom which seems to have been found necessary, in relation to the rigorous routine and etiquette which predominates in Japan, in order to render the highly artificial current of life there endurable to human nature. A great officer—even the Tyeon himself—dies, and by *nay-boen* there is not a word of lamentation among his friends till a certain convenient moment. A noble can leave the state and trappings of his ordinary life behind, and under favour of *nay-boen* try to make some money by honest industry, and the world politely takes no notice till he chooses to declare that Richard is himself again. A man may break through the rules of etiquette, and no one

take offence, if he respectfully announces that he does so *nay-boen*.

The custom strikes us as singular; but this must be mainly on account of its broad recognised character and its special name, for we certainly have a great deal of *nay-boen* amongst ourselves, and perhaps for the same reason—the necessity of somehow softening the rigid action of conventional rules, and allowing some sort of occasional escape from the duty of acting out an official, or even a social rôle. A judge with us is a judge on the bench. When he goes home, he becomes a private gentleman, and may amuse himself by leaping over chairs and tables if he likes. If he has a party of pleasant friends to entertain, he very likely makes fully as great a departure from the gravity of his official function as any Japanese under favour of *nay-boen*. The *élégante* of fashion does not choose to be always dressed for show; in the morning, or what she calls so, she enjoys the luxury and ease of the wrapper and slippers, and may then be said to be living *nay-boen*. View the gravest and most formal assemblages—senates, nay, synods—and you may be assured that all of these men cast aside the solemn face and the serious mind occasionally, and condescend to be at ease and happy under the sanction of an unrecognised system of *nay-boen*.

It is well known, too, that polite society does not choose to have ears and eyes at all moments. When a thing is not intended to be seen or heard, we feel that it would be cruel to see or hear it, and are blind and deaf accordingly. What is this but *nay-boen*? It is a forbearance of the senses, which simple humanity and mutual good feeling call for amongst equals. There is a similar forbearance on the part of inferiors towards those placed over them. Everybody knows that for a dependent person to have over-faithful senses is in the highest degree dangerous. A servant or a steward must see as if he saw not, hear as if he heard not, and remember nothing but his master's commands, if he wishes to lead an easy life, and not be always on the move. In short, he must practise *nay-boen*.

In British morals, *nay-boen* manifestly plays a large part. So long as individuals conduct themselves with outward propriety, they are received into all the circles to which their grade gives them pretensions, although it may be known that their actual life involves some very serious improprieties. If it is a person of rank, or of high official position, heads of families will make no scruple about visiting him, with all their belongings, or being visited; nay, will perhaps feel a pride in the intercourse, so long as the improprieties are presumably secret. But should the improprieties pronounce themselves in some way, so that nobody can be supposed any longer to be ignorant of them, then association becomes no longer possible. What is very remarkable, should this publicity arise from such a step as marriage, which might be considered as a movement towards reformation, or towards a conformity with the decent requirements of society itself, society is equally shocked, and the decree of non-association goes forth as surely and relentlessly as if some further outrage on the most sacred principles had taken place. Now, all this shews how Japanese we are—for, observe, the improprieties are assumed to have been all along known, all along held liable to condemnation, on account of their gross nature and fatal tendency, but all along left unpunished, till the emergence of one additional fact, which does not in the least affect their absolute character, namely, publicity. The fact is, the guilty party sinned *nay-boen*, and society smiled upon him, ate and drank with him, was happy to shew his visiting-card on its drawing-room table, till, the *nay-boen* being broken, and winking no longer possible, everybody of a sudden became rigorously virtuous, and began to enforce those decrees of morality which would never have been heard of otherwise.

There is in British society the same tenderness towards reprobated opinions. Only let them be kept within the breast of the person entertaining them, and no one finds fault. He may be worthy of the larger excommunication with practical impunity, so long as it is *not* *boen*. But the moment that the *not* *boen* ceases, even though it were by his becoming declaredly something much less worthy of reprobation than what he formerly was known to be in secret, and the thunderbolt can no longer be kept back.

Is it that society wishes to be merciful and forgiving, and is practically more so than it likes to avow? Scarcely so, for there are certain offences which it is never found treating mercifully. A man cannot commit murder *not* *boen*. He cannot, *not* *boen*, disseminate doctrines felt to be subversive of the principle of society. In the cases where *not* *boen* avails, it seems as if there must be some discrepancy between the formally avowed law and the feeling now prevailing. It must be felt that the former requires some kind of softening, if such can at all be had. It must be one of those laws once held to be indispensable, and in which some utility is still thought to exist, from the terror it hangs up in the eyes of offenders, but which the public prosecutor is inclined to put in force as rarely as possible. It is a strange point to arrive at, however, when the judge is content to hide the terrors of judgment, provided the culprit will only hide his criminality.

ON BOARD A SLAVER.

BY ONE OF THE TRADE.

On a wet and cloudy morning in the month of April 1859, I was sitting before the fire of a boarding-house in New York, ruminating on what should be my future mode of life. I had returned some time from my last voyage, which had been to the East Indies, and my funds were rapidly decreasing, and compelled me to look out for another ship. Whilst my mind was following this train of thoughts, I became suddenly aware of voices conversing in a low tone outside my door, which on approaching nearer suddenly died away, and I heard a knock. On my saying, 'Come in,' there entered the landlord of the house, accompanied by a stranger, to whom he introduced me as Captain Maxwell, saying that the gentleman, if I was agreeable, had something to communicate; he then withdrew, leaving the stranger with me.

I begged him to be seated, and to commence what he had to say. He was a man rather below the middle height, with dark flashing eyes, and hair of the same hue, regular features, and a pale foreign-looking complexion; he altogether bore the appearance of anything but a sailor. Having taken a chair, and drawn closer to the fire, he told me that he was in command of a ship about to proceed to the west coast of Africa on a trading voyage for palm-oil, and that he wanted some trustworthy men to man her, and that on referring to my landlord for aid, he had strongly recommended me; he had therefore paid me this visit, to offer me a vacancy. Now, these proceedings seemed so strange and mysterious, that I could plainly see there was something at the bottom of them; so looking him steadfastly in the face, I asked him if he meant by the trading voyage 'the game.' He replied yes, that I was right; and having heard from my host that I spoke both Spanish and Portuguese fluently, he offered me a berth of trust, knowing that my knowledge as a linguist would be of great use to him. After some consideration, I consented to go, for my desire to make money and my love of adventure urged me to do it. We then made some arrangements, and I, on my part, promising inviolable secrecy, he left, having given me directions to go down on the following morning to the docks, where I should find him on board the bark

Flora, where we should make and settle all the arrangements.

I accordingly went down the following morning, and finding he had not yet arrived on board, I employed my time in taking a survey of the ship. I found her to be a long, low, black craft, of 460 tons burden, bark-rigged, with raking masts and sharp bow. She had a raised quarter-deck, with saloon and cabins underneath, for the captain and mates; and a topgallant forecabin for the crew. She had also, I found afterwards, a 'between-deck,' which came in pieces like a Chinese-puzzle, each piece being numbered and marked; but at that time it was lying about in the hold to all appearance lumber. I also noticed the way the cargo was being stowed. At the bottom of the hold, for the ground-tier, were laid bricks, and on the top of them a vast quantity of water-butts, some empty, and some full of rum of that very common sort which goes by the name of nigger rum; also large quantities of rice, beans, &c.—all intended not for cargo, but for slave-stores; while, on the top of these, was closely stowed a general cargo of cotton-pieces, red flannel, beads, old muskets, and knives. The object in stowing the hold in this manner was to place the slave-stores, and all other suspicious-looking articles, out of sight—because, in the case of being boarded by any man-of-war, they have a right not only to demand the ship's papers, but to search the cargo—a precaution which we afterwards found to be well needed. When loaded, the *Flora* only drew six feet of water. Just as I had completed these surveys, I was hailed by the steward, who told me the captain was asking for me. I accordingly went in and signed articles for the voyage. I agreed to ship as an able seaman, but was to be paid extra for interpreting. I received fifteen dollars a month as seaman. There were twelve others besides myself, the captain, two mates, and a steward.

Two days after this, the ship having completed her cargo, we all went on board and sailed. We then shaped our course for St Paul de Loando, in latitude 8° 48' south, and longitude 13° 8' east, which is to windward of the entrance of the Congo—the Congo being in latitude 4° 39' north, and longitude 12° 9' east. We had a pleasant voyage of seventy-one days. Nothing in particular occurred during the passage. I found, on inquiry, that I was the only seaman on board who really knew the motive of our voyage; and when I hinted to them what it really was, they quite laughed at the idea. When off the coast of Sierra Leone, we met the American man-of-war *Marion*; they sent a boat on board of us, with the second-lieutenant. He examined our papers, &c., which of course he could find no fault with, though it was very evident he smelt a rat. While the officer was in the cabin examining the papers, I looked over the side, and was startled to find that one of the crew in the man-of-war's cutter was an old chum of mine; he did not know me, on account of my foreign appearance, for I had allowed my beard to grow, but on my calling him by name, he recognised me. He came up, and we had a long talk over old times. Of course they all knew who we really were, but they could not seize us, as we had nothing on board to justify the act. The boat at last left, but the lieutenant's report not satisfying the commodore, he came off himself, although to no purpose. Again, on making the Congo, we encountered the English man-of-war *Triton*, who also boarded us, but with the same success as the *Marion*. We sailed and kedged for about forty miles up the river, where we found a village of the name Port O'Lania. It is a small settlement of Portuguese, Spaniards, and Americans, there being about two stores belonging to each flag. Congo, or Lower Guinea, contains the kingdoms of Loango, Congo, Angola, Matamla, and Benguela. Deserts abound, containing a large and various species of wild animals; but near the coast, the soil is more fertile, cotton grows luxuriantly,

and fruits of every kind abound. The inhabitants go about almost naked. They worship the sun, moon, and stars. The Portuguese have managed to convert some of them into a kind of Christianity, but it is a very poor kind. They principally bribe and coax the chiefs of the various tribes, who compel their followers to worship the same divinity, though really not understanding anything about it.

We made fast to a wharf alongside one of the stores to which we were consigned, where we landed our cargo, and then commenced getting ready for sea. While there, I had the opportunity of witnessing the mode of criminal government among the tribes. The black servant of one of the masters of the American store, for some grudge against his master, set fire to his store. All efforts to extinguish the flames proved useless, and the place was burned to the ground. The chiefs of the various tribes were communicated with, and they soon found out the incendiary. He was tied to a tree, and tried by the three nations, and the chiefs were bound to carry out the sentence they pronounced on him; but we did not stay long enough to hear the result of the court-martial. These kingdoms are composed of about 8000, a chief being in command of each. Our cargo being landed, we now looked out for a cloudy night to slip down the river, for we knew from our agents that the *Triton* was on the look-out for us, and was then stationed at the mouth of the river, to catch us as we came out. But before leaving, the captain called all hands aft, and made known to them the true purpose of our voyage. They had already begun to suspect what it really was. He said that if any man wanted to leave the ship, he would give him all the wages that were due to him, and also three extra months' pay as a present; but as nobody liked being put out on the coast of Guinea alone, they all agreed to sail with him. We then shipped a number of extra men that had been left at various times from the ships. One afternoon, after we had lain at Port O'Lania (so called from all the houses being of wood) for above ten days, we unmoored, and dropped down the river, till we came within ten miles of the *Triton*, where we arrived at 8 P.M. We then anchored, and lay there till 10 P.M. The moon was then set, so after extinguishing every light, we dropped silently down. We found that the *Triton* was lying at the entrance and wide part of the river. We therefore dropped down with the tide, and setting sail as quietly as possible, managed successfully to elude the vigilance of the *Tritons*.

As soon as we were clear of the land, we set all sail, and under a press of canvas, stood right out to sea. The next morning we commenced getting the ship ready for her live cargo. We first tore up and destroyed the ship's papers, and then everything with the name of the ship on; we painted out the ship's name on the stern, and everything that looked like American, flags in particular. We all went by other names, so that a man could not betray any of the others by telling his name. The captain went by the name of Don Pedro, and every one else had his name to his fancy.

We then stowed all the stores in such a way that we could get at them easily. The water-casks we stowed all bung up, with the bungs all out, and a hose leading out of each hole, for over the casks we stowed a platform or deck of planks; and by means of these hoses we could pump the fresh water out; and when empty, we put salt water in the casks to ballast the ship, and then stowed the stores of sugar, rum, biscuit, &c., in rotation as we should want them. We then put our main-deck or lower-deck together, for, as I before said, when we left New York, the deck was composed of pieces to be put together when required, since, had we left with a regular lower deck, it would have looked suspicious.

We then got our ammunition up, consisting of four 6-pounders, two long brass 18-pounders, and four brass

12-pounders, besides small-arms; so that it would have been impossible for any man-of-war to take us by boats. But now-a-days, since those are all propelled by steam, the slavers stand a bad chance, for steam has not been introduced in the slave-trade. Now that the interior of the ship was ready, we had to look after our gear aloft. We commenced by taking the wedges from between the masts and deck, so that the masts might give with the press of canvas; and then we cut the beams that go fore and aft, for the same reason—namely, that the ship might go easier. During the time that these preparations were being made, the ship had sailed within seventy miles of the island of Ascension, and was now on the other tack, bearing up for a place a little above the Congo, about fifty miles from St Paul de Loando, where we had agreed to touch for the slaves when they were ready. Ships sometimes wait as long as three months and more for the slaves, while the agents are collecting them in the interior. We were lucky, having only to wait thirty days. Our reason for going so far away from land, after leaving the Congo, was this: we knew that the *Triton*, as soon as she found we had escaped her, would coast along the shore, thinking that we should do the same as some other ships erroneously do—namely, sail along the coast and secrete themselves, or pick up detachments of slaves as they go along; but our captain, being an old hand, knew better, for by going right out to sea, they would lose our scent. After making the shore about St Paul de Loando, we sailed with the south-east trade-wind along the coast, till we arrived near a place called Ambriz, where we saw them ashore throwing out private signals; we accordingly anchored near the coast at 7 P.M.

The agents came off with the slaves in lighters, containing about 200 each. They were all lashed together with thongs of hide. They were passed up, and sent into the hold. There were altogether 811. As soon as they were on board, we made all sail. Our men were armed, and appointed into watches, as we were obliged to keep a very strict eye on them, to see that they did not get at the stores, or fight with each other; for amongst them there were many different tribes, all at variance with one another, so that sometimes our hold was like a small hell, and the sentinel had frequently to jump down amongst them, to separate the combatants.

The lighters came alongside at 7 P.M., and at 8 P.M. we loosened sail, and squaring the yards to the trade, let slip the anchor and chain in three fathoms' water. We shaped our course for Ascension, which we soon sighted, having a strong south-east trade abaft us. We passed Ascension, and then steered for 2022 miles, right away to the westward. We did this to get out of the track of ships, this not being the ordinary route of ships bound to the West Indies. After that, we steered to the southward, and passed to the southward and westward of Jamaica, just seeing the land in the distance, and then rounding the Isle of Pines.

Before leaving the Congo, we shipped a double crew, so that now we had thirty-five seamen before the mast; but all our services were well needed, for what with accelerating the speed of the ship, by making alterations in her, and attending to the slaves, we all had our hands full. A certain number of us were told off for the latter duty, I being one of them. My department was to take charge of the women.

We kept the ship as clean as possible, for filth is the root of all evil on board a ship.

At sunrise, or not later than 5 A.M. every morning, the slaves were all turned up on deck, and large tubs were produced. A gang of them were made to keep these tubs supplied with salt water while they were in use. Our mode of ablution was rather a novel one; it reminded me of sheep-shearing, or, at least, the washing of sheep previous to shearing, in Devonshire and other counties.

A circle of fifteen or twenty were made to squat on their hams round the tub, while one of us stood there with a bucket, and kept dipping it in, and then splashing it over them. After they were all well drenched, they would get up and walk forward, where another of the hands was stationed with a coarse cloth of canvas, who would rub them down after the manner of a groom rubbing down a horse.

He was also supplied with a bucket full of vinegar and salt water. This he made them rinse their mouths with, and rub their teeth; for if he does not keep his mouth clean, a yellow substance collects on the gums and teeth of an African, which turns to poison. He is subject to ulcers in his mouth from this; and if he bites you—a thing not at all uncommon—the flesh will frequently mortify. I know this to my cost; for once hitting one of them with the back of my hand, I came in contact with his mouth, and one of his teeth touched and indented my hand, whereby I lost the use of it for some days.

These ablutionary measures employed us till between 8 and 9 A.M., when we used to serve out to them some dry biscuit and rum and water. The rum was a very coarse kind, like Bay rum; none of us could drink it, but the slaves received it with great gusto. This would satisfy their cravings till 11 o'clock, when they used to have a hot breakfast, consisting of a kind of hodge-podge. The ingredients were biscuit broken up small, beans, rice, barley, and salt pork—the whole thickened with flour and fat. This was boiled in two large caldrons in the caboose, and when ready, was emptied into tubs and buckets, ranged along the deck. We always tried to keep each tribe by itself; for at meal-time, if they messed together, it was sure to end in a fight. So their meal, if not choice, was substantial and good, and plenty of it.

Of course, we took every care of them, as it was our interest to do so. But in a crowded slave-ship, disease is very rife; we lost only ninety-four, which we considered lucky. Closeness of the bowels, and jaundice, are the most frequent maladies. The first we treated with injections of vinegar, and gunpowder taken internally. Whether this is one of the treatments ashore, I cannot say, but we found it very successful on board.

After their breakfast, they were sent down to clean out the ship. Most of them spoke only the Congo dialect, but some of them understood Portuguese and Spanish. These we picked out as leaders and interpreters of the rest, and supplied them with a shirt or pair of trousers, as a distinguishing mark of rank, which was greatly envied by the others. They were also intrusted with a piece of rope, about a yard long, as an instrument of correction, which they very freely used. We had only to tell these men what we wanted done, and they made the others do it. We also got up various amusements for the slaves, by making drums for them, and a kind of cymbal, to the tune of which they danced.

At 3 P.M. another hot meal was served to them of the same composition as the first, and another at 8 P.M.; after which they were all packed below.

No lights were allowed at night, in case of attracting attention. Even the compass or binnacle lights were well screened with canvas. After passing the Isle of Pines, and having been thirty-one days from Congo, we sighted Boca Grande, on the coast of Cuba. About the coast of Cuba are to be noticed a quantity of small fishing-boats and pilot-boats; these are nearly all in the pay of slave-owners ashore, who pay them to look out for the men-of-war, and also to mislead them, and report accordingly to any slave-ship about the coast that is waiting for a chance to land her cargo. They take it in turn to look out. Their watch lasts for about ten days, when they are relieved by another boat, and receive a daulaon each man. One of these boats we found on the look-out for us. They informed us that the *Basilik* English man-of-war was about, and therefore we could not land.

Our orders from the shore were, that we were to stretch out to sea for four days, which we did, and then returned; when again we had orders to go out again to sea. We obeyed accordingly, but nearly fell into a trap. We were standing on for a bluff in the Bahama Channel; when nearing it, I thought I recognised it, for I had been frequently on the coast before, surveying in a man-of-war, and this I remembered as being our look-out. I reported this to the captain, Don Pedro, as we called him. He immediately changed the course; and it was lucky he did so, for we afterwards found that H.M.S. *Cumberland* was anchored on the other side of the bluff. Here, then, was another escape. After having been out the appointed time, we again returned, when we received the same orders; but our late narrow shave had rather tamed us, so we went aft to the captain, and told him that after we had escaped so many dangers, it was a pity to run any more. So I, being a good pilot among the many cays that abound, promised to take her in safety to one where we could lay off; and in case of any one molesting us, we could land the slaves on the cay; for a man-of-war can do nothing to you, if you have no slaves on board; so if they were even to be within ten yards of you on the rocks, all that the man-of-war could do would be to liberate them. We accordingly chose Indian Cay for our depôt, and anchored in two fathoms' water. We afterwards discovered that the boat which had been guiding us and bringing our orders out, fell in with H.M.S. *Basilik*, commanded by Captain Fare. He shipped on board as pilot, and promised Captain Fare to guide him to us; an engagement he performed by taking the *Basilik* to the opposite direction.

After waiting for two days off the cay—for it takes them some time to get the boats ready, which are all secreted in the rocks—we at last saw five boats approaching, which we rightly guessed were for us. They brought clothes, &c., for the slaves, and money for the seamen; for before one of the slaves left the ship, we were all paid off.

From the day we left New York till the landing of the slaves on the quay, only five months and fourteen days had elapsed. Each man received £200 for his services, and I received £19 extra for my services as interpreter. The slaves were then disembarked in the boats, and shoved off. We landed 717 slaves alive. It was then nearly dusk. The pilot-boat remained alongside for the night; and early the next morning, we laid seventeen fires in the ship's hold, and set fire to her, and burned her to the water's edge. We all felt sorry to do it, for she was as pretty a craft as ever floated. Till then, we never knew the ship's name, for the one we left New York with was a false one. But the captain, sympathising with us, said: 'There she burns, lads, the craft in whom we have made our money—the beautiful *Flying Rosario*!'

When she was entirely burned, we went on board the pilot-boat, and were landed at the Boca Grande. This I found was a wharf, ostensibly for the purpose of loading ships with sugar, and I believe a ship occasionally came there as a blind; but it was used really for landing slaves. We were afterwards conveyed by land to Havannah, which we reached in nine days. It was only a little less than 200 miles; but we had frequently to hide ourselves to escape detection, for our dangers were not over. The inhabitants we met, knowing who we were, would not even give us a glass of water under half a dollar. But in Havannah, the slave-trade is so well managed that it is rarely detected.

On my arrival at Havannah, I shipped as soon as possible in another ship for England before I could be robbed of the treasure I had worked so hard for, and perhaps some people will hardly admit, honestly; but nevertheless, on my arrival in London, I enjoyed the fruits of my labour; and now, reader, if it will balance the opinion you have of me, I now serve on board one

of her Majesty's ships, and engaged in her service on the very field of my late adventures. The other day, while perusing the papers from home, I read in the *Times* of the capture of the *Orion* slave-ship by H.M.S. *Pluto*. I must confess, reader, it was with a feeling of sorrow I could not repress that I found that the captain who commanded the *Orion* was the same I had sailed with in the *Flying Rosario*. You may blame me for this, reader, but old companionship, old fellowship, and old times have their ties, in whatever society we move in.

P.S.—Our passage from New York to Congo was 71 days. The reader may be astonished at the length of voyage; but we went along the land, beating against the south-east trade, and quite a different way to other ships, particularly men-of-war. We did not dare to return the same way, as we should pass the *Marion*, *Triton*, and others of our friends. I came home by H.M.S. *Basilisk*, the very ship that chased us in the *Flying Rosario*.*

REMINISCENCES OF QUAKERISM.

ABOUT eighteen years ago—which, in reference to American habits and manners, is very much the same as fifty years might be in the history of an old country—I found myself for the first time in a Quaker community. My introduction to the Society of Friends was made in a small but wealthy seaport of New England, which I will call Old Cribton, where every man and woman—indeed, every individual above the age of fifteen—was a Quaker by birth, or, to use the orthodox term, had been 'born into the Meeting.' Notwithstanding this, there was scarcely a genuine young or middle-aged Quaker in the town at the time of my visit—the Society of Friends having been reduced by vindictive civil feuds to a scanty community of elders—who merited the title through age no less than through their standing in the meeting. In fact, there had been a regular exodus of the people about the close of the first quarter of the century, when staid and grave Quaker men and women suddenly threw aside their broad-brims and poke bonnets, and came forth, both themselves and their children, from the bondage of their youth, and made haste to learn new ways of spending their riches like other wealthy Christians; and great was the wealth of some of the brotherhood; for Old Cribton had been a thriving place, and the Friends had prospered largely in their worldly affairs, and had long been laying by money from the sheer want of opportunities of getting rid of it. When I came among them, they had scarcely recovered from the bewilderment of their sudden plunge into worldliness; and the entire body-politic seemed to be composed of the most incongruous elements. The old people still went to meeting 'first day' and 'fifth day'—namely, Sunday and Thursday; were true to their drabs and browns; lived in ugly houses, scantily supplied with uncomfortable stiff-backed chairs, and hearse-like horse-hair sofas; and looked with self-righteous reprobation on everything and everybody not perfectly in harmony with their own ideas of what was right or wrong. The middle-aged men and women were, I believe, in their hearts 'Friends,' although outwardly they had cast off every trace of Quakerism, for they wore the brightest colours and followed the latest fashions, lived in grand new houses, said their prayers aloud in would-be Gothic churches, went to concerts and balls, and brought up their children in unbounded indulgence. The young people looked with only half-disguised contempt on the bigotry and ignorance of their grandfathers, and on the lately acquired taste and learning of their parents; and as if anxious to avoid all risk of being recognised as the descendants of a

prudent and wary race, threw themselves headlong into the depths of every novel doctrine that German or American genius could devise. The anomalous condition of society that was generated from these incongruous materials was extremely bewildering to a stranger, and sometimes not a little ludicrous, for the change had been made so suddenly and violently that the new order of things seemed everywhere out of keeping. I was naturally anxious to learn how the great wrench from Quakerism had been effected; and as I fortunately had made the acquaintance of one of the chief actors in this strange religious pantomime, I soon learned the full particulars of the occurrence, which, notwithstanding the important results which it has brought about in reference to the history and almost to the existence of Quakerism in an influential section of the New England communities, must have been highly absurd, one would think, even in the eyes of those who took part in it.

During the last century, the doctrines of Fox had so effectually supplanted the faith of the Puritans in the district of Old Cribton, that in the early years of the present century all the population—which was then a scanty one—belonged to the 'Sit-Stills,' or Friends, as they called themselves. At first, they governed their spiritual children with tolerant gentleness; but by degrees their rule became more and more stern, until at length its severity exceeded that of the most intolerant of the Puritans. Thus, while young America was enjoying its republican liberty, alike among Episcopalians and Presbyterians of every denomination, the Friends, both in their head-quarters in Pennsylvania and in their New England strongholds, were tightening the reins of discipline with unrelenting pressure. In this state of things the most harmless actions were stigmatised as heinous offences, instigated by Satan to lure souls to perdition; even a walk, for walking's sake, on a fine day, was sure to bring down upon the daring culprits who indulged in it the severe animadversions of that terrific Vehmgerichte, who, under the name of 'overseers,' were appointed to exercise a galling kind of inquisitorial surveillance over their neighbours. These overseers, who were chosen from among the most zealous of the brothers and sisters, known as the elders, seem to have been intrusted with very various duties; for, in addition to the charge of hunting out offences, however secret and hidden, they were also expected to keep themselves perfectly *au fait* as to the *affaires de cœur* of the entire society, to nip all imprudent loves in the bud, and gently to fan the genial flame where private and public interests would be promoted by the union of any likely young couple—likely being a word which, among these Friends, seemed to convey an idea of all that was admirable as to conduct, worldly possessions, and natural endowments. Where prudence did not, in their eyes, appear to sanction the wishes of a loving pair, their hopes were speedily frustrated by dint of exhortations, taunts, reproofs, and petty acts of tyranny, which never ceased till the little spirit still remaining in the hearts of the poor Quaker damsels was thoroughly crushed within them, while their swains were acted upon by a similar mode of proceeding, modified to suit the special case. Places of public entertainment did not exist at Old Cribton, which saved a great deal of trouble both to the overseers and the weak brethren who might have been tempted to patronise them in spite of those domestic inquisitors; but although dancing and music were abominations not to be mentioned by prudent Friends except with reprobation, two masters in those arts actually managed to scrape together a living by teaching them to select classes, who met at night when the elders were calmly slumbering in their beds. The secrecy, dangers, and difficulties which encompassed such meetings, made the pleasure of snatching these forbidden fruits the greater; and the recollection of the perils they had

* The above is a genuine statement of one who has served on board a slave-ship.

encountered on these occasions, dwelt in the minds of the performers long after they had emancipated themselves from every tie of Quaker thralldom.

Some of them, indeed, had good reason to remember those stealthily acquired lessons, if we may judge by the experience of a man whose name is now known as that of one of the most munificent of the New York prince-merchants, but who, in his youth, had formed one of the Old Cribton band of daring dancers. According to his own account, when he was about fifteen or sixteen, he had attended one of these nocturnal dancing-classes through several weeks of an unusually hard winter, when, one night, his attendance was brought to a close by an accident which very nearly maimed him for life. Like his companions in sin, he was obliged to escape from the house through the window of his room, after the rest of the family had gone to bed; but unfortunately for him, the rain-water pipe, which usually facilitated his descent to the top of a large water-barrel which intervened between his window and the ground, was on this special night so thoroughly encased in ice, rapidly formed after a partial thaw, that it was only by wrapping a pair of long stockings many times round his hands, that he could get sufficient grasp of the icy surface to venture upon the descent. Notwithstanding the protection afforded by the stockings, his hands were fearfully cut, and, missing his footing down the slippery side of the barrel, he was unable to arrest the speed at which he was propelled, and heavily struck the ground, upsetting a wooden pal standing near, and rolling along with it upon the frozen ground with a force that made every bone in his body ache. The noise of this double fall roused the inmates of the house, and before he could manage to raise himself, he felt his bruised arms held as in a vice, and his whole body cudgelled with an earnestness of purpose and force of hand that he had no difficulty in ascribing to his much-dreaded father. For a time he bore the shower of blows that came pouring down upon him, and did not move or utter a sound; but at length the pain of a sprained ankle and a bruised body were too much for the boy, and he called out: 'Father, father, it's I; it's thy son Henry!' 'How darest thee tell such a lie? My son Henry is a quiet lad; he is sleeping in his bed, instead of seeking after mischief as thou art,' replied the cudgeller; and the blows fell thicker and faster than before, until the paternal arm gave in from sheer exhaustion, and the poor boy was left stiff and benumbed to lament over the result of his luckless escapade. Not a word was ever said on the subject of the night's adventure by the stern Quaker parent, and no notice was taken by any of the family of the limping gait of the culprit; but the window through which he had been accustomed to make his nocturnal descents was secured by a close iron grating on the following day, and before he was sufficiently recovered from the effects of his fall to think of devising new means of escape, he was sent off on a voyage round the world in a whaling-vessel, where he met with a rough and sharp commencement of his future active and successful career.

Severities of this kind were more or less rigidly practised in every household; and hence it is no wonder that there should have been a large proportion of the community ready primed for explosion whenever the spark could be applied. This was at length supplied by the preachings of one Brother Hicks, who boldly proclaimed that the Spirit moved him to denounce all slavish adhesion to *form*, whether affecting the body or the soul, as a trap of Satan's to ensnare weak Christians. This doctrine met with immense success; for, carried out to its full significance, it implied perfect liberty in the choice of modes of living and dressing, and in this sense it was eagerly received. The women especially felt that the happy moment had come for making a strenuous attempt to free themselves from some of the oppressive restric-

tions that checked the indulgence of their feminine instincts in regard to dress; and while their husbands and brothers were holding many grave councils together, trying to hit upon some feasible schemes for securing independence for themselves, without utterly breaking loose from the meeting, they settled the matter by a *coup de main*, and wrenched themselves away in a manner truly feminine, both as to the mode of its operation and the reckless disregard of consequence which it evinced.

One fine and genial Sunday, or first day, instead of the usual demure-looking fawn and dove coloured figures that commonly fluttered through the streets about eleven o'clock in the morning, there appeared, converging towards the dingy old meeting-house from every quarter, groups of gaudily attired females, who, amid much rustling of silks and fluttering of feathers, tripped jauntily along the narrow passage that divided the bare benches of the male and female members of the meeting, and settled themselves down on the seats reserved for the elders, facing the rest of the congregation. Here they were seen by the horror-struck Friends as they entered the building, many of them somewhat ruffled at the unwonted occurrence of their own special Dinahs and Deborahs having failed to be at hand to attend them to meeting at the proper hour. Who can venture to conjecture what the feelings of these outraged parents must have been, as by degrees they recognised their erring truants in the hideous flock of parrots that were perched, in defiance of all decency and order, in their own seats of honour! Whatever their agony of mind may have been, they maintained their habitual reserve, and heated and angered as they were, crowded together upon the lower benches, adhering to their usual silence till the meeting adjourned at the accustomed hour, and only shewing the perturbed condition of their spirits by extra groaning and sighing, and by a more than common display of that coughing, blowing of noses, and scraping of feet, to which the Friends in their meetings seem especially given, as if they felt they needed some counterpoise to their enforced inaction of tongue. To people less intensely scandalised by what they saw, the exhibition must have been ludicrous in the extreme, for the preparations for this travestie having of necessity been made in haste and secrecy, every kind of finery that could be procured was put on without regard to the colour or texture of the article; the result was such that even the fair wearers themselves shuddered at the recollection of their own burlesque appearance, when, in after-years, they related the manner in which they had dressed themselves in all the Chinese and Indian silks and crapes, feathers and tinsel, which they could find among the 'curiosities' that lay hidden in the lumber-rooms of almost every house in this seafaring town, where most families had some relative who had been in foreign parts. Ludicrous, however, as the exhibition must have been, it gave the death-blow to Quakerism at Old Cribton; for the charms of feathers and furbelows, once indulged in, could not be renounced; and the women, by insisting upon dressing as they pleased, effectually secured their final separation from the Society of Friends. The rest was a mere matter of time; and before many years had passed, these quondam Quakers were attending imitation Gothic churches which they had built for themselves, and listening to organs, sermons, and chants; living in huge granite houses, decorated without with grand façades and porticos, and within with mirrors and marbles, mosaics and statues, and heavily framed copies of paintings by the old masters, which the owners had collected together when making the tour of Europe. These things were, of course, abominations in the eyes of those stanch Friends who still remained faithful to the meeting; but the taste for them spread like wild-fire among the renegades; and those who could not afford time—

always a valuable commodity in America—for giving themselves a European polish, lost no opportunity of expending their wealth after the newly approved fashion, by ordering all the requisite elegances to be supplied to them from the proper sources in the old world. Awkward mistakes sometimes arose from this practice, as in the case of a wealthy man, the president of a temperance league, who, on sending to Italy for a large group to adorn the entrance-hall of his house, received a very fine work of art, representing Bacchus reclining, goblet in hand, beneath a vine, evidently in a condition the very opposite of teetotalism, and surrounded by dancing satyrs and lovely bacchantes.

Nor was this sudden patronage of the fine arts always ingrafted on the requisite amount of preliminary learning, and this also led sometimes to slight blunders. There was a story current that a travelled Cæsus, who had paved his vestibule with coloured bricks, on which was conspicuously inscribed the hospitable salutation *Salve*, was commended by an old Friend, to whom he was exhibiting the wonders of his house, for thus publicly testifying his sense of what he owed to a deceased relative, who was generally believed to have begun to accumulate his fortune by vending medicines from door to door! But notwithstanding these and similar misconceptions, the elegances of life were rapidly diffused among the people, and it was only in regard to books that the wealthy quondam Quakers shewed themselves niggardly; conservatories, vineries, and pineries they had, but no libraries—scarcely a book-shelf, indeed, was to be seen in their houses. The newspapers, a Bible, and a few stray sermons, with an occasional volume of some cheap, badly printed edition of the standard work of the season, being apparently found adequate to supply all the literary provender they needed; indeed, it always seemed to me that books were looked upon as litter, which should be duly cleared away like waste-paper, whenever they came into sight. With the present generation it is very different, and they, I have no doubt, have learned to feel that, although conservatories and hot-houses may be very acceptable luxuries to those who can afford to have them, a study well filled with books, whether it be a mere closet or a grand hall, is an indispensable part of the house of every man of cultivated mind. This singular want of appreciation of the necessity of books, and of reading for its own sake, seemed a predominant characteristic in those who had grown up within the narrow limits of a genuine Quaker home; and if the community of Friends in this country resemble their transatlantic brethren in these particulars, one can hardly wonder that Quakerism fails to maintain its footing amongst other religious sects in an age like the present, which is characterised by an insatiable craving after literature.

THE LUCKY HAND.

A STOCK-BROKER'S STORY.

I'LL tell you the queerest thing that ever happened to me in business. One evening, about twenty years ago, I was going home along the City Road to my own house at Pentonville Hill. It was near the end of December. I had stayed balancing accounts in my office some time after the Stock Exchange closed. A frosty night, with a half-fog in it, had fallen; and there was a rather valuable pocket-book safely buttoned up in the breast-pocket of my great-coat, for I had that day sold five hundred Western Canal shares, which, in common with all such property, the railways were rapidly bringing down. They belonged to one of my best customers, had been advantageously disposed of, and I was carrying home the bank-notes, thinking my own house

was a safer place than the office, as the gentleman had not pleased to mention his banker. The City Road is not a solitary place at 5 p.m. I walked on, summing up the day's transactions and the probabilities of the morrow, looking into the windows of all newsmen and stationers for the evening papers I thought most reliable, and occasionally seeing that my great-coat was securely buttoned.

I was engaged in the latter occupation within sight of that notable inn, the Angel, Islington, when I became conscious of being watched and followed by a man who seemed determined to keep his eye on me. His dress and appearance belonged to the shabby respectable; himself and everything about him looked as if they had seen better days. His figure was tall and thin, his face long and sharp; his hair was perfectly gray, yet I felt convinced that his years did not much exceed my own, and I was then on the sunny-side of fifty. It was strange, too, that he made no attempt at concealing his pursuit of me; indeed, there was nothing sly or cunning-looking about the man. Still, I had my pocket-book to take care of; and as we reached a quieter part of the road skirting the New River Company's Water-works, I resolved to let him know he was observed, by turning abruptly and facing him in the full light of a street-lamp.

Had it been any description of womankind, instead of a gray-haired and evidently not well-to-do man, I should have gone home to Mrs Ragly more puffed up with vanity and self-conceit than that honest woman was accustomed to find me, for the best dressed specimen of beauty and fashion in all Belgravia could not have been greeted with a gaze of greater admiration and delight than that he bestowed on my canecoloured whiskers and almost caroty hair. Was the man mad, or making game of me? Somehow, he did not look to be either; there was an appearance of perfect earnestness and sincerity in his demonstrations, as if his whole heart was in the business, and he neither thought nor cared for anything else.

'Do you do anything in the Stock Exchange, sir?' said he, before I could make up my mind what proceedings to take.

'Yes,' said I, astonished out of all my caution. 'Why do you ask?'

'Because, sir, I want a little business done in that way. It's not much, but I'll pay you any commission I can;' and he pressed so near that I laid my hand on my breast-buttons. 'If you will be so good as to tell me your office, or anywhere you like to see me, I'll come to-morrow forenoon.'

'Here's my address,' said I. 'I'm always glad to see people in the way of business; in the meantime, I am in haste to get home, and wish you a very good-night.'

My steps did not linger after that declaration. The shabby, admiring man might have confederates, and the road was not busy; but when I looked back at the next turn, there he was, standing in the same spot, and gazing after me as if I had been his guardian angel leaving him to himself.

Mrs Ragly and I had a good laugh over that interview, when we sat by the fire after our boys and girls had gone to bed. I wanted to make her believe he was a countess in disguise; she insisted he was a sharper, and meant to wheedle me out of money or stock. At last, we agreed the man must be mad; and I went to the office next morning resolved to let him slip out of my acquaintance as quietly as he had stepped into it. According to my usual custom, I was at my office full three hours before the Exchange opened, but there was the man pacing up and down in front of the premises, and evidently waiting for me. When we had got fairly into the sanctuary of business, *alias* the small and dingy room which serves gentlemen of my profession in the neighbourhood of Chapel Court, he came to the point without giving me time to ask it, by producing a pocket-book with as

many marks of better days and hard service as himself, turning it over so as to let me see a very few notes, reading a memorandum for his own instruction, and then requesting me to buy for him three hundred shares in a certain Scotch railway.

The line is now one of the best paying in Britain, but for prudential reasons, which one ought to have in speaking of anything Scotch, I will not give its particular designation. It had been commenced in the first fervour of railway-making, when the public mind having awakened to the utility of the iron-road, for which George Stephenson and his supporters had fought so tough a battle, rushed into companies and scrip in every direction, and would have laid down rails between John o' Groats and the Land's End. The line in question was not quite so unpromising, but from local causes, as well as a temporary reaction of the ferment, its scrip was going rapidly down. I was aware that interested parties were doing their best to keep up the shares, and brokers who had none to sell called it a bad speculation. Perhaps I ought to claim credit for conscientiousness beyond the wont of Capel Court men, but my would-be customer looked so hard-up, so earnestly bent on turning his few notes to the best advantage, that I could not help telling him my mind on the subject, and seriously advising him to have nothing to do with the Scotch railway. He heard me with a look of quiet but immovable obstinacy.

'It may be all true, sir; I am sure it is, for I have heard as much from all quarters; but buy the three hundred shares for me—they are down fifty per cent. now. I have got a hundred pounds here, and I'll pay you the rest within a fortnight.'

'You'll lose your money,' said I; 'the line will never pay.'

'It will pay, and I won't lose!' said the man, his eye kindling with a fire so bright and wild that it made me think of our conclusions overnight.

'I don't care if I tell you, though some people might think it silly to believe in such things, that I had a dream about that railway, sir. My uncle was a first-rate speculator, a Lancashire man, one of the earliest that came out strong for George Stephenson; you have heard of him, perhaps; and he named a gentleman well known in the first railway-war, but then deceased for some years. 'He brought me up, and would have left me his shares in the North-Western, but I displeased him by marrying against his will, and my uncle never forgave anybody. I don't repent that yet; my wife's the best woman in the world, and a prettier face I never saw; but we've been poor, sir, very poor, and nothing has succeeded with me, though I have tried a good many things. When my uncle died, five years ago, he left his shares, bank-stock and all, to a housekeeper he had. It has set up her whole family. I'm told they're Liverpool gentry now; but I had not seen him for seventeen years, till one night last month. I had a dream; it must have been near daybreak. The old man appeared to come into my room, looking as he used to do when we were good friends, and bringing with him a person whom I never saw before. "Tom," said he, "this gentleman is a stock-broker; get him to buy you three hundred shares in the — Railway, and you'll be a rich man before seven years." He said a few more words which don't matter just at present, then walked away; and I woke up so sure of the whole business, that I struck a light, and looked round the room for the man he had brought, till poor Sally thought I had lost my judgment. The dream occurred every night for a week after. I got up all the money I could muster, and went over London, looking for the stock-broker, but I never saw him till yesterday evening, when I was going home; and, sir, you are the very man my uncle brought with him: I would know your face among twenty thousand, and if you will buy me the shares, it will be the better for us both.'

Mrs Rugly, at least, gave me credit for sense and discretion; but the singular story, the fact that he had recognised me, and the man's own faith in his dream, made me give up reasoning against the Scotch railway, and consent to buy the shares. They had another fall that very day; and knowing they were still in the descending line, I bought them in slowly, so that by the end of the week the three hundred shares were secured with little more than the contents of my friend's pocket-book. The man had interested me. You perceive it is possible to interest even a stock-broker; and while buying up the shares, I made some inquiries after his antecedents. There was not a broker in the Exchange who could not tell me something about him, and their accounts confirmed his own—that he had tried a good many things, and succeeded in nothing. There was no speculation—mine, canal, dock, or railway—in which he had not dabbled; and the most popular superstition in Capel Court was, that whatever he bought shares in was sure to go to the dogs, except he sold out immediately, when it was equally certain to rise in the market. There were tales of stock-brokers who had made their fortunes, and those of their customers, by the guidance of that curious rule. As the natural consequence of so much ill-luck and determination to speculate, I also heard that he was in the habit of owing and borrowing, and that his funds and his credit were now at a very low ebb. Nobody could imagine where he got the hundred pounds, except from his relations in Lancashire, on a promise to embark for Australia, to which safe distance their united endeavours had not been sufficient to send him and his wife, though employed to that end for the last ten years. Whether fortunately or otherwise, I cannot say, but he had no children; and in spite of his unsuccessful stock-jobbing, the pair were said to live in affectionate harmony, not always found in better supplied homes. Theirs, at the time of my story, was a second floor in Cummin Street, Pentonville. Their name was Raxworth, and there was at once a contrast and a resemblance between them: while he was a tall man, she was a little woman; but both were gray before the time, very thin, and looked as if they were always expecting something.

Faith is infectious. When I had bought the shares, delivered them to Mr Raxworth, and, above all, talked over the matter with Mrs Rugly, she and I felt so persuaded that something would come of the dream, that we kept our eyes on the Raxworths, took a deep interest in their welfare, and would have been friendly with them, but for an unexpected obstacle. On the evening after I had bought up the last of the shares, and we were settling money-matters in the back-room of a neighbouring coffee-house, where Raxworth insisted on treating me to a steak and porter, because I would charge him no commission, one pot followed another, till my friend's eyes began to twinkle, and his words flowed rapidly. He told me all he would do when his fortune was made by the — Railway; of the relations he would cut dead for looking down on him and Sally; of the house he would build overlooking Birkenhead, and to which he would take her home in her own carriage, to spite people who thought little of her for being a dressmaker's girl, though anybody who saw Sally knew she was born to be a lady.

'No doubt of it,' said I, my own heart getting warm. 'I am sure Mrs Rugly would like to know her; we'll call on you some day this week.'

'No, if you please,' said Raxworth, starting back with a blank terror in his look. 'I beg your pardon, Mr Rugly: it would be a great pleasure to my wife and me; in fact, we are too poor acquaintances for you. But don't come, sir, don't come to our house at all. After what the old man said, that might be true as well as the rest of the dream.'

'What did the old man say, Mr Raxworth?' said I,

laying down my pot with my whole stock of determination.

'Well, sir, I should have told you before, but I thought you would not buy the shares for me. My uncle, after he told me about the making of my fortune, and the hand you were to have in it, said a few words more, and they were the strangest of all: "Take care of him, for he will kill your wife!" Now, sir, I don't believe you would do the like, but it was all in the same dream; that was the last thing my uncle said. Don't come to the house, sir, nor have anything more to do with us!'

Raxworth believed in what he told me, and I did not tell that part of his dream to Mrs Rugly; but I made him a solemn promise, and took a fixed resolution, to avoid their domicile, which, under one excuse or another, I kept to the letter.

In pursuing this policy, I gradually lost sight of the man of the three hundred shares. I saw him in Capel Court sometimes, occasionally met him going home, heard of him first as an agent for somebody's unadulterated coffee, then as a traveller for a patent pill, and lastly, of his subscribing a pictorial Bible. They had removed from Cummin Street to a humbler lodging in Clerkenwell, and his wife was taking in plain work. To say the truth, I had no wish to see the poor man. In spite of his dream, the — Railway had gone utterly and totally to the dogs; the most sanguine speculators pronounced it a bad job; its shares were declared to be nowhere at all; and many a time Mrs Rugly and I lamented over poor Raxworth and his three hundred.

In the cares of one's family, and the ups and downs of one's business, time slips away wonderfully. It was five years after I had bought the said shares; there had been a panic, bad times, a settling down and a clearing up again, when, to the amazement of the whole Stock Exchange, there was a resurrection of the — Railway. Somebody from Glasgow had taken it in hand. The gentleman had a large capital and rich cousins. The newspapers began to talk of what immense utility the line would be to the northern towns and the agricultural districts; its shares came into the market, and went up every day. Where was Raxworth? I could not make out, till one day he appeared in my office, looking grayer and more shabby than ever, but with the same earnest eyes.

'They're going up, Mr Rugly!' was his first salutation.

'Yes,' said I. 'You'll get back your hundred pounds yet.'

'Get back my hundred pounds!' he screamed, for his voice had grown strangely cracked and shrill. 'I'll make my fortune: didn't the old man say it? Have Sally and I lived poor and pinched, wanting coal in winter, and beer in summer, all these years, only to get back a hundred pounds? No, Mr Rugly, I won't sell out till they come to cent. per cent. at least.'

No arguments could shake that resolution, and I did not try to do it; the matter was beyond my Capel Court experience; but for once Raxworth was not mistaken. The shares went up higher and higher—such a run upon a railway was never known. At length they reached cent. per cent., and then he sent me a brief note to sell out immediately, and buy him six hundred shares in the South-Western. Raxworth had got above my reasoning. Henceforth, I obeyed his mandates without question, and they always came by post. Somehow, whatever he bought, whatever he sold, success and profit attended his speculations. I knew him to net five thousand by one venture that same year, and he doubled it within the next. His luck became as proverbial among the brokers as his want of it had been before. He was now a comparatively rich man. I was aware of his having a considerable deposit in the Bank of England, besides owning railway stock to a still greater amount; yet when I saw him again, Raxworth looked as shabby, as careworn,

and as earnest as he had looked when I was going to congratulate him on the prospect of getting back his hundred pounds. He settled with me liberally, promised the continuance of his patronage, told me he had bought the ground for his house overlooking Birkenhead, and that Sally and he would enjoy their money; but he could not understand her, she was growing so strange like, and taking on so many odd ways.

To bring my story to an end, it turned out that the sudden accession to wealth, after such long poverty and frequent disappointment, upset poor Mrs Raxworth's brain. The strangeness and the odd ways resulted at last in frantic madness, and she died a few years ago in a private asylum. Her husband still lives and speculates; his capital is now immense, though he has not always won at the same rate. His house has been built, and is let, for he never inhabited it, nor set up his carriage. I can see no change in his appearance from the day he came to tell me 'they were going up.' Once, after a long reckoning, he asked me if the old man had not spoken true in his dream. 'Only,' said he, 'we did not understand it right about Sally; but that could not be helped, and nothing can, Mr Rugly. Never mind, I have a great respect for you, because I know you to be a lucky hand.'

That was all I ever heard him say on the subject which had troubled him so much in his poverty-stricken days, when he begged me not to come to the house nor have anything to do with them, lest his uncle's prophecy about the killing of Sally should come to pass. I suppose the killing of her mind by the fortune which came through me must have been the proper interpretation of the dream, if it had any, and was not all a downright invention of Raxworth's fancy, running as it always did on stocks and shares. At all events, he made money, and that makes people take everything else uncommonly easy; yet somehow there is nobody's business I care less for doing, and I know he employs me only for being a lucky hand, which is a character worth having in the Stock Exchange.

LYING IN STONE.

Sun and shade, a pleasant dapple,
Pave the stone-floor of the chapel,
Where the knight of alabaster
Sleeps, nor dreams of past disaster;
With his round ruff like a wheel,
And his stone heart lapped in steel;
With a lady by his side,
Centuries ago, a bride;
And their fourteen children pushing
For more room upon the cushion.
All above, the faded gold,
From the heraldries unrolled,
Feels and shrivels—dust, decay,
Gnawing at it day by day.
On the chancel's rusty nail
Rots the ragged suit of mail;
Where the tombstone's edges jut,
Helmet, like a broken nut,
Hangs a mouldy trophy still,
For the spider's web to fill.
In the changeless sunset light
Of the window sleeps the knight;
Soldier, who once fought till death
For his queen, Elizabeth—
Wars all over, let him rest
In his doublet and his vest,
After many a dire disaster,
On his couch of alabaster.

W. T.

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